[6.]

THE HISTORIE OF Orlando Furioſo

One of the twelue Pieres of *France*.

As it was plaid before the Queenes Maieſtie.

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1594

THE HISTORIE OF Orlando Furioso

One of the twelue Pieres of *France*.

Enter Marsillus the Emperour of Affrica, and Angelica his Daughter, the Soldane, the King of Cuba, Mandrecard, Brandemart, Orlando, County Sacrepant, with others.

MARSILLVS.

VIctorious Princes summond to appeare
Within the Continent of Africa,
From seauenfold Nylus to Taprobany,
Where faire Apollo darting forth his light
Plaies on the Seas.
From Gadis Ilands where stowt Hercules,

Imblasde his trophees on two posts of brasse,
To Tanais whose swift declining flouds,
Inuirons rich Europa to the North,
All fetcht from out your Courts by beauty to this Coast,
To seeke and sue for faire Angelica.
Sith none but one must haue this happy prize,
At which you all haue leueld long your thoughts:
Set each man forth his pasions how he can,
And let her Censure make the happiest man.

SOVLDAN.

The faireſt flowre that glories Affrica,
Whose beauty Phœbus dares not dash with showres,
Ouer whose Clymate neuer hung a Clowde,
But smiling Titan lights the Horyzon:
Egypt is mine and there I hold my State,
Seated in Cairye and in Babylon;
From thence the matchlesse beauty of Angelica,
Whose hew as bright as are those siluer Doues,
That wanton Venus manth vpon her fist,
Forst me to crosse and cut th'atlanticke Seas,
To ouersearch the fearefull Ocean,
Where I ariud to eternize with my Launce,
The matchles beauty of faire Angelica.
Nor Tilt, nor Tournay, but my Speare and shield,
Resounding on their Crests and sturdy Helmes
Topt high with Plumes, like Mars his Burgonet,
Inchasing on their Curats with my blade,
That none so faire, as faire Angelica.

But

But leauing theſe ſuch glories as they be,
I loue my Lord, let that ſuffize for me.

RODAMANT.

Cuba my ſeate, a Region ſo inricht,
With fauours ſparkling from the ſmiling heauens,
As thoſe that ſeekes for trafficke to my Coaſt,
Accounted like that wealthy Paradice,
From whence floweth Gyhon and ſwift Euphrates:
The earth within her bowels hath inwrapt,
As in the maſſie ſtorehowſe of the world,
Millions of gold as bright as was the ſhowre,
That wanton Ioue ſent downe to Danae:
Marching from thence to manage Armes abroade,
I paſt the triple parted Regiment,
That froward Saturne gaue vnto his ſonnes,
Erecting Statues of my Chiualry,
Such and ſo braue as neuer Hercules,
Vowd for the loue of louely Iole:
But leauing theſe ſuch glories as they be,
I loue my Lord, let that ſuffize for me.

MANDRECARDE.

And I my Lord am Mandrecarde of Mexico,
Whoſe Clymate fayrer than Tyberius,
Seated beyond the Sea of Trypoly,
And richer than the plot Heſperides,
Or that ſame Ile wherein Vlyſſes loue,

Luld in her lap the young Telegone,
That did but Venus tread a daintie ſtep,
So would ſhee like the land of Mexico,
As Paphos and braue Cypres ſet aſide,
With me ſweete louely Venus would abide.
From thence mounted vpon a Spaniſh Barke,
Such as tranſported Iaſon to the fleece:
Come from the South, I furrowd Neptunes Seas,
Northeaſt as far as is the froſen Rhene,
Leauing faire Voya croſt vp Danuby,
As hie as Saba whoſe inhaunſing ſtreames,
Cuts twixt the Tartares and the Ruſſians:
There did I act as many braue attempts,
As did Pirothous for his Proſerpine.
But leauing theſe ſuch glories as they be,
I loue my Lord, let that ſuffize for me.

BRANDEMART.

The bordring Ilands ſeated here in ken,
Whoſe ſhores are ſprinkled with rich Orient Pearle,
More bright of hew than were the Margarets,
That Cæſar found in wealthy Albion,
The ſands of Tagus all of burniſht golde,
Made Thetis neuer prowder on the Clifts,
That ouerpiere the bright and golden ſhore,
Than doo the rubbiſh of my Country Seas:
And what I dare, let ſay the Portingale,
And Spaniard tell, who mand with mighty Fleetes,
Came to ſubdue my Ilands to their King,

Filling

Filling our ſeas with ſtately Argoſies,
Caluars and Magars hulkes of burden great,
Which Brandemart rebated from his coaſt,
And ſent them home ballaſt with little wealth.
But leauing theſe ſuch glories as they bee,
I loue (my Lord) let that ſuffiſe for mee.

Orl: Lords of the South, & Princes of eſteeme,
Viceroyes vnto the State of Affrica:
I am no King, yet am I princely borne,
Deſcended from the royall houſe of France,
And nephew to the mightie Charlemaine,
Surnamde Orlando the Countie Palatine.
Swift Fame that ſounded to our Weſterne ſeas
The matchles beautie of Angelica,
Fairer than was the Nimph of Mercurie,
Who when bright Phœbus mounteth vp his coach
And tracts Aurora in her ſiluer ſteps,
And ſprinkles from the folding of her lap,
White lillies, roſes and ſweete violets.
Yet thus beleeue me, Princes of the South,
Although my Countries loue deerer than pearle,
Or mynes of gold might well haue kept me backe;
The ſweet conuerſing with my King and frends,
(Left all for loue) might well haue kept mee backe;
The Seas by Neptune hoyſed to the heauens,
Whoſe dangerous flawes might well haue kept me backe;
The ſauage Mores & Anthropagei
Whoſe lands I paſt might well haue kept me backe;
The doubt of entertainment in the Court
When I arriude might well haue kept me backe:

But ſo the fame of faire Angelica,
Stampt in my thoughts the figure of her loue,
As neither Country, King, or Seas, or Cannibals,
Could by diſpairing keep Orlando backe.
I liſt not boaſt in acts of chiualrie,
(An humor neuer fitting with my minde)
But come there forth the proudeſt champion
That hath ſuſpition in the Palatine,
And with my truſtie ſword Durandell
Single, Ile regiſter vpon his helme,
What I dare doo for faire Angelica.
But leauing theſe, ſuch glories as they bee;
I loue my Lord.
Angelica her ſelfe ſhall ſpeak for mee. (alleadgd,

Mar: Daughter thou hearſt what loue hath here
How all theſe Kings by beautie ſummond here,
Puts in their pleas for hope of Diademe,
Of noble deeds, of wealth and chiualrie,
All hoping to poſſeſſe Angelica.
Sith fathers will may hap to ayme amiſſe,
(For parents thoughts in loue oft ſtep awrie)
Chooſe thou the man who beſt contenteth thee,
And he ſhall weare the Affricke Crowne next mee.
For truſt me Daughter, like of whom thou pleaſe,
Thou ſatisfide, my thoughts ſhall be at eaſe.

Ang: Kings of the South, Viceroyes of Affrica,
Sith Fathers will hangs on his Daughters choyce,
And I as earſt Princeſſe Andromache,
Seated amidſt the crue of Priams ſonnes,
Haue libertie to chuſe where beſt I loue;

Muſt freely ſay, for fancie hath no fraud,
That farre vnworthie is Angelica
Of ſuch as deigne to grace her with their loues.
The Souldan with his ſeate in Babylon,
The Prince of Cuba and of Mexico,
Whoſe welthie crownes might win a womans will;
Yong Brandemard maſter of all the Iles,
Where Neptune planted hath his treaſurie:
The worſt of theſe men of ſo high import,
As may command a greater Dame than I.
But Fortune or ſome deep inſpiring fate,
Venus or elſe the baſtard brat of Mars,
Whoſe bow commands the motions of the minde,
Hath ſent proud loue to enter ſuch a plea,
As nonſutes all your Princely euidence,
And flat commands that maugre Maieſtie,
I chuſe Orlando, Countie Palatine.

Ro: How likes Marſillus of his daughters choice?

Mar: As fits Marſillus of his daughters ſpouſe.

Ro: Highly thou wrongſt vs, King of Affrica,
To braue thy neighbor Princes with diſgrace,
To tye thy honor to thy daughters thoughts,
Whoſe choyce is like that Greekiſh giglots loue,
That left her Lord Prince Menelaus,
And with a ſwaine made ſcape away to Troy.
What is Orlando but a ſtragling mate,
Baniſht for ſome offence by Charlemaine,
Skipt from his country as Anchiſes ſonne,
And meanes as he did to the Carthage Queene,
To pay her ruth and ruine for her loue.

Orl: Iniurious Cuba, ill it fits thy gree
To wrong a ſtranger with diſcurteſie.
Wert not the ſacred preſence of Angelica
Preuailes with me (as Venus ſmiles with Mars)
To ſet a Super ſedeas of my wrath,
Soone ſhould I teach thee what it were to braue.
Man: And French man wert not gainſt the law of (armes
In place of parly for to draw a ſword,
Vntaught companion I would learne you know
What dutie longs to ſuch a Prince as hee.
Orl: Then as did Hector fore Achilles Tent,
Trotting his Courſer ſoftly on the plaines,
Proudly darde forth the ſtouteſt youth of Greece:
So who ſtands hieſt in his owne conceipt,
And thinkes his courage can performe the moſt,
Let him but throw his gauntlet on the ground,
And I will pawne my honor to his gage,
He ſhall ere night be met and combatted.
Mar: Shame you not Princes at this bad agree,
To wrong a ſtranger with diſcurteſie.
Beleeue me Lords, my daughter hath made choice,
And mauger him that thinkes him moſt agreeud,
She ſhall enioy the Countie Palatine.
Bran: But would theſe Princes folow my aduiſe
And enter armes as did the Greekes gainſt Troy;
Nor he nor thou ſhouldſt haue Angelica.
Rod: Let him be thought a daſtard to his death,
That will not ſell the trauells he hath paſt,
Dearer than for a womans fooleries.
What ſaies the migh.tie Mandricard?

Mar:

Man: I vow to hie me home to Mexico,
To troop my ſelfe with ſuch a crew of men,
As ſhall ſo fill the downes of Affrica
Like to the plaines of watrie Theſſalie,
When as an Eaſterne gale whiſtling aloft
Had ouerſpred the ground with Graſhoppers:
Then ſee Marſillus if the Palatine
Can keep his Loue from falling to our lots,
Or thou canſt keep thy Countrey free from ſpoile.
Mar: Why think you Lords with hautie menaces
To dare me out within my Pallace gates?
Or hope you to make conqueſt by conſtraint
Of that which neuer could be got by loue?
Paſſe from my Court, make haſt out of my land
Stay not within the bounds Marſillus holds;
Leaſt little brooking theſe vnfitting braues,
My cholar ouer-ſlip the law of Armes,
And I inflict reuenge on ſuch abuſe.
Rod: Ile beard & braue thee in thy proper town,
And here inskonce my ſelfe deſpite of thee,
And hold thee play till Mandricard returne.
What ſaies the mightie Souldan of Egypt?
Sol: That when Prince Menelaus with all his (mates,
Had ten yeres held their ſiege in Aſia,
Folding their wrothes in cinders of faire Troy:
Yet for their armes grew by conceit of loue,
Their Trophees was but conqueſt of a girle:
Then truſt me Lords Ile neuer manage armes,
For womens loues that are ſo quickly loſt.
Bran: Tuſh my Lords why ſtand you vpon termes

Let-vs to our Skonce, and you my Lord to Mexico.

Exeunt Kings.

Orl: I ſirs, inskonce ye how you can, ſee what (we dare,
And thereon ſet your reſt.

Exeunt Omnes.

Manent Sacrepant and his man.

Sac: Boaſt not too much Marſillus in thy ſelfe,
Nor of contentment in Angelica;
For Sacrepant muſt haue Angelica,
And with her Sacrepant muſt haue the Crowne:
By hooke or crooke I muſt and will haue both.
Ah ſweet Reuenge incenſe their angrie mindes,
Till all theſe Princes weltring in their blouds,
The Crowne doo fall to Countie Sacrepant.
Sweet are the thoughts that ſmother from conceit:
For when I come and ſet me downe to reſt,
My chaire preſents a throne of Maieſtie:
And when I ſet my bonnet on my head,
Me thinkes I fit my forhead for a Crowne:
And when I take my trunchion in my fiſt,
A Scepter then comes tumbling in my thoughts.
My dreames are Princely, all of Diademes,
Honor: me thinkes the title is too baſe.
Mightie, glorious and excellent:
I theſe my glorious Genius ſound within my mouth
Theſe pleaſe the eare, and with a ſweet applauſe,
Makes me in tearmes coequall with the Gods.
Then theſe Sacrepant, and none but theſe.

And

And theſe or elſe make hazard of thy life.
Let it ſuffice, I will conceale the reſt.
Sirra.
Man. My Lord.
Sacrep: My Lord. How baſely was this Slaue
brought vp?
That knowes no titles fit for dignitie,
To grace his Maſter with Hyperboles.
My Lord. Why the baſeſt Baron of faire Affrica,
Deſerues as much: yet Countie Sacrepant,
Muſt he a ſwaine ſalute with name of Lord.
Sirra, what thinkes the Emperor of my colours,
Becauſe in field I weare both blue and red at once?
Man. They deeme my Lord, your Honor liues
at peace,
As one thats newter in theſe mutinies,
And couets to reſt equall frends to both:
Neither enuious to Prince Mandricard,
Nor wiſhing ill vnto Marſillus,
That you may ſafely paſſe where ere you pleaſe,
With frendly ſalutations from them both.
Sac: I, ſo they geſſe, but leuell farre awrie;
For if they knew the ſecrets of my thoughts,
Mine Embleme ſorteth to another ſenſe.
I weare not theſe as one reſolud to peace,
But blue and red as enemie to both.
Blue, as hating King Marſillus;
And red, as in reuenge to Mandricard:
Foe vnto both, frend onely to my ſelfe,
And to the crowne, for thats the golden marke,
Which

Which makes my thoughts dreame on a Diademe
See'st not thou all men presage I shall be King:
Marsillus sends to me for peace,
Mandricard puts of his cap ten mile of,
Two things more & then I cannot mis the crowne.

Man: O what be those my good Lord.

Sacr: First must I get the loue of faire Angelica.
Now am I full of amorous conceits,
Not that I doubt to haue what I desire,
But how I might best with mine honor woo,
Write, or intreate: fie that fitteth not,
Send by Ambassadors: no thats too base.
Flatly command I thats for Sacrepant:
Say thou art Sacrepant and art in loue
And who in Affricke dare say the Countie nay.
O Angelica, fairer then Chloris when in al her pride
Bright Mayas sonne intrapt her in the net,
Wherewith Vulcan intangled the God of ware.

Man: Your honor is so far in contemplation of Angelica,
As you haue forgot the second in attaining to the crowne.

Sac: Thats to be done by poyson, prowesse, or anie meanes of treacherie to put to death the traitrous Orlando. But who is this comes here. Stand close.

Enter Orgalio Orlandos Page.

Org: I am sent on imbassage to the right mighty

tie

tie and magnificent: alias, the right proud and pontificall the Countie Sacrepant. For Marſillus & Orlando knowing him to be as full of proweſſe as policie, and fearing leaſt in leaning to the other faction, hee might greatly preiudice them, they ſeeke firſt to hold the candle before the diuell: & knowing hym to be a Thraſonicall mad-cap, they haue ſent mee a Gnathonicall companion, to giue him lettice fit for his lips. Now ſir, knowing his aſtronomical humors, as one that gazeth ſo high at the ſtarres, as he neuer looketh on the pauement in the ſtreetes. But whiſt, Lupus eſt in fabula.

Sac: Sirra, thou that ruminateſt to thy ſelfe a catalogue of priuie conſpiracies, what art thou?

Org: God ſaue your Maieſtie?

Sac: My Maieſtie, come hether my well nutrimented Knaue, whom takeſt me to bee?

Org: The mightie Mandricard of Mexico.

Sacr: I hold theſe ſalutations as omynous, for ſaluting mee by that which I am not, hee preſageth what I ſhall be; for ſo did the Lacedemonians by Agathocles, who of a baſe potter, wore the Kingly Diadem, but why deemeſt thou me to be the mightie Mandricard of Mexico?

Org: Marie ſir.

Sacr: Stay there, wert thou neuer in France.

Org: Yes, if it pleaſe your Maieſtie.

Sac: So it ſeemes for there they ſalute their king by the name of Sir, Mounſier, but forward.

Org: Such ſparkes of peerleſſe Maieſtie,

From thoſe looks flames like lightning from the Eaſt
As either Mandricard, or elſe ſome greater Prince.
Sac: Me thinks theſe ſalutations makes my thoghts
To be heroicall. But ſay to whom art thou ſent?
Org: To the Countie Sacrepant.
Sacr: Why I am he.
Org: It pleaſeth your Maieſtie to ieſt.
Sacr: What ere I ſeeme, I tell thee I am he.
Org: Then may it pleaſe your honor: the Emperor Marſillus together with his daughter Angelica and Orlando entreateth your Excellencie to dine with them.
Sacr: Is Angelica there?
Org: There my good Lord.
Sacr: Sirra.
Man. My Lord.
Sacr: Villaine, Angelica ſends for me.
See that thou entertaine that happie meſſenger.
And bring him in with thee. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Orlando the Duke of Aquitaine, the Countie Roſsilion with ſouldiers.

Orl: Princes of France, the ſparkling light of fame,
Whoſe glories brighter than the burniſht gates,
From whence Latonas lordly ſonne doth march,
When mounted on his coach tinſeld with flames,
He triumphs in the beautie of the heauens.
This is the place where Rodamant lies hid:
Here lyes he like the theefe of Theſſaly,

Which

Which ſcuds abroad,and ſearcheth for his pray;
And being gotten,ſtraight he gallops home,
As one that dares not breake a ſpeare in field.
But truſt me Princes I haue girt his fort,
And I will ſacke it,or on this Caſtle wall,
Ile write my reſolution with my blood.
Therefore drum ſound a parle.

Sound a Parle,and one comes vpon the walls.

Sol: Who is that troubleth our ſleepes?
Orl: Why ſluggard,ſeeſt thou not Lycaons ſon
The hardie plough-ſwaine vnto mightie Ioue,
Hath tracde his ſiluer furrowes in the heauens,
And turning home his ouer-watched teeme,
Giues leaue vnto Apollos Chariot.
I tell thee ſluggard,ſleep is farre vnfit
For ſuch as ſtill haue hammering in their heads,
But onely hope of honor and reuenge.
Theſe cald me forth to rouſe thy maſter vp.
Tell him from me,falſe coward as he is,
That Orlando the Countie Palatine,
Is come this morning with a band of French,
To play him huntſ-vp with a poynt of warre.
Ile be his minſtrell with my drum and fife:
Bid him come forth,and dance it if he dare,
Let Fortune throw her fauors where ſhe liſt.
Sol: French-man between halfe ſleeping & awake
Although the myſtie vayle ſtraind ouer Cynthia,
Hinders my ſight from noting all thy crue:

Yet for I know thee and thy ſtragling groomes
Can in conceit build Caſtles in the Skie:
But in your actions like the ſtammering Greeke,
Which breathes his courage bootleſſe in the aire.
I wiſh thee well Orlando: get thee gone,
Say that a Centynell did ſuffer thee:
For if the Round or Court of Gard ſhould heare
Thou or thy men were braying at the walls,
Charles welth the welth of all his Weſterne mynes,
Found in the mountaines of Tranſalpine France,
Might not pay ranſome to the King for thee.

Orl: Braue Centynell if nature hath inchaſt,
A ſympathie of courage to thy tale,
And like the champion of Andromache,
Thou or thy maſter dare came out the gates,
Maugre the watch, the round, or Court of gard,
I will attend to abide the coward here.
If not, but ſtill the crauin ſleepes ſecure,
Pitching his gard within a trench of ſtones;
Tell him his walls ſhall ſerue him for no proofe,
But as the ſonne of Saturne in his wrath
Paſht all the mountaines at Typheus head,
And topſie turuie turnd the bottome vp,
So ſhall the Caſtle of proud Rodamant:
And ſo braue Lords of France, lets to the fight.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarums. Rodamant and Brandemart flie.

Enter Orlando with his coate.

Orl:

Orl: The Foxe is ſcapde, but heres his caſe:
I miſt him nere, twas time for him to trudge.
How now my Lord of Aquitaine?

Aquit: My Lord, the Court of gard is put vnto
the ſword,
And all the watch that thought themſelues ſo ſure;
So that not one within the Caſtle breaths.

Orl: Come then, lets poſt amaine to finde out
Rodamant,
And then in triumph march vnto Marſillus. Exeunt

Enter Medor and Angelica

An: I meruaile Medor what my fathe[illegible]es
To enter league with Countie Sacrepant?

Med: Madam, the king your fathers wiſe inough,
He knowes the Countie (like to Caſsius)
Sits ſadly dumping, ayming Cæſars death,
Yet crying Ave to his Maieſtie.
But Madame marke a while, and you ſhall ſee,
Your Father ſhake him off from ſecrecie.

Ang: So much I geſſe, for when he wild I ſhould
Giue entertainment to the doating Earle,
His ſpeach was ended with a frowning ſmile.

Med: Madame, ſee where he comes; Ile be gone.
Exit Medor.

Enter Sacrepant and his man.

Sacr: How fares my faire Angelica?

Ang: Well that my Lord ſo frendly is in league
(As honor wills him with Marſillus.
Sac: Angelica ſhal I haue a word or two with thee
Ang: What pleaſeth my Lord for to command.
Sac: Then know my loue, I cannot paint my grief
Nor tell a tale of Venus and her ſonne,
Reporting ſuch a Catalogue of toyes.
It fits not Sacrepant to be effeminate,
Onely giue leaue my faire Angelica,
To ſay the Countie is in loue with thee.
Ang: Pardon my Lord, my loues are ouer-paſt,
So firmly is Orlando printed in my thoughts,
As l[illegible]ath left no place for anie elſe.
[illegible]Why ouer-weening Damſel, ſeeſt thou not,
Th[illegible]awleſſe loue vnto this ſtragling mate.
Hath fild our Affrick Regions full of bloud,
And wilt thou ſtill perſeuer in thy loue?
Tuſh leaue the Palatine, and goe with mee.
Ang: Braue Countie know where ſacred Loue
The knot of Gordion at the ſhrine of Ioue, (vnites,
Was neuer halfe ſo hard or intricate,
As be the bands which louely Venus ties.
Sweete is my loue: and for I loue my Lord,
Seek not vnleſſe as Alexander did,
To cut the plough-ſwaines traces with thy ſword,
Or ſlice the ſlender fillets of my life:
Or elſe my Lord, Orlando muſt be mine.
Sac: Stand I on loue? Stoop I to Venus lure,
That neuer yet did feare the God of warre?
Shall men report that Countie Sacrepant

Held

Held louers paines for pining paſsions?
Shall ſuch a Syren offer me more wrong,
Than they did to the Prince of Ithaca?
No: as he his eares, ſo Countie ſtop thine eye.
Goe to your needle (Ladie) and your clouts.
Goe to ſuch milk-ſops as are fit for loue:
I will imploy my buſie braines for warre,
Ang: Let not my Lords deniall breed offence,
Loue doth allow her fauors but to one,
Nor can there ſit within the ſacred ſhrine
Of Venus, more than one inſtalled hart.
Orlando is the Gentleman I loue,
And more than he may not inioy my loue.
Sac: Damſell be gone, fancie hath taken leaue;
Where I tooke hurt there haue I heald my ſelfe,
As thoſe that with Achilles lance were wounded,
Fetcht helpe at ſelfe ſame pointed ſpeare.
Beautie gan braue, and beautie hath repulſe:
And Beautie get ye gone to your Orlando.

Exit Angelica.

Man. My Lord: hath loue amated him whoſe thoughts
Haue euer been heroycall and braue?
Stand you in dumpes like to the Mirmydon,
Trapt in the treſſes of Polixena:
Who amid the glorie of his chiualrie,
Sat daunted with a maid of Aſia.
Sac: Thinkſt thou my thoghts are lunacies of loue?
No, they are brands fierd in Plutoes forge,

Where

Where ſits Tſiphone tempring in flames
Thoſe torches that doo ſet on fire Reuenge.
I lovd the Dame, but bravd by her repulſe,
Hate calls me on to quittance all my ills:
Which firſt muſt come by offring preiudice
Vnto Orlando her beloued Loue.

Man: O how may that be brought to paſſe my Lord?

Sacr: Thus. Thou ſeeſt that Medor & Angelica
Are ſtill ſo ſecret in their priuate walkes,
As that they trace the ſhadie lawndes,
And thickeſt ſhadowed groues;
Which well may breed ſuſpition of ſome loue.
Now than the French no Nation vnder heauen
Is ſooner tutcht with ſtings of iealozie.

Man. And what of that my Lord?

Sac: Hard by for ſolace in a ſecret Groue,
The Countie once a day failes not to walke:
There ſolemnly he ruminates his loue.
Vpon thoſe ſhrubs that compaſſe in the ſpring,
And on thoſe trees that border in thoſe walkes,
Ile ſlily haue engravn on everie barke
The names of Medor and Angelica.
Hard by Ile haue ſome roundelayes hung vp,
Wherein ſhalbe ſome poſies of their loues,
Fraughted ſo full of fierie paſsions,
As that the Countie ſhall perceiue by proofe,
Medor hath won his faire Angelica.

Man. Is this all my Lord? (cloathd,

Sacr: No. For thou like to a ſhepheard ſhalt bee

With

With ſtaffe and bottle like ſome countrey ſwaine,
That tends his flockes feeding vpon theſe downes.
There ſee thou buzze into the Counties eates,
That thou haſt often ſeene within theſe woods
Baſe Medor ſporting with Angelica.
And when he heares a ſhepheards ſimple tale,
He will not thinke tis faind.
Then either a madding mood will end his loue,
Or worſe betyde him through fond iealozie.

Man. Excellent. My Lord, ſee how I will playe the Shepheard.

Sac: And marke thou how I play the caruer,
Therefore be gone, and make thee readie ſtraight.

Exit his man.

Sacrepant hangs vp the Roundelayes on the trees, and then goes out, and his man enters like a ſhepheard.

Shep: Thus all alone and like a ſhepheards ſwain,
As Paris (when Oenone lovd him well)
Forgat he was the ſonne of Priamus,
All clad in gray ſate piping on a reed;
So I transformed to this Country ſhape,
Haunting theſe groues to worke my maſters will,
To plague the Palatine with iealozie,
And to conceipt him with ſome deepe extreame.
Here comes the man vnto his wonted walke.

Enter Orlando and his Page Orgalio.

Orl: Orgalio, goe ſee a Centernell be placde,
And bid the ſouldiers keep a Court of gard,
So to hold watch till ſecret here alone,
I meditate vpon the thoughts of loue.
Org: I will my Lord. Exit Orgalio.
Orl: Faire Queene of loue, thou miſtres of delight,
Thou gladſome lamp that waitſt on Phœbes traine,
Spredding thy kindnes through the iarring Orbes,
That in their vnion praiſe thy laſting powres.
Thou that haſt ſtaid the fierie Phlegons courſe,
And madeſt the Coach-man of the glorious waine
To droop, in view of Daphnes excellence.
Faire pride of morne, ſweete beautie of the Eeuen,
Looke on Orlando languiſhing in loue.
Sweete ſolitarie groues, whereas the Nymphes
With pleaſance laugh to ſee the Satyres play;
Witnes Orlandos faith vnto his loue.
Tread ſhe theſe lawnds, kinde Flora boaſt thy pride;
Seeke ſhe for ſhades, ſpread Cedars for her ſake,
Faire Flora make her couch amidſt thy flowres,
Sweet Chriſtall ſprings, waſh ye with roſes,
When ſhe longs to drinke. Ah, thought my heauen;
Ah heauen that knowes my thought.
Smile ioy, in her that my content hath wrought.
Shep: The heauen of loue is but a pleaſant hell,
Where none but fooliſh wiſe impriſned dwell.
Orl: Orlando, what contrarious thoghts be theſe,
That flocke with doubtfull motions in thy minde?
Heavn ſmiles, & trees do boaſt their ſummers pride:
What? Venus writes her triumphs here beſide.

She: Yet when thine eie hath ſeen, thy hart ſhal rue
The tragick chance that ſhortly ſhall enſue.

Orlando readeth.

Orl: Angelica. Ah ſweete and heauenly name,
Life to my life, and eſſence to my ioy.
But ſoft this Gordion knot together co-unites
A Medor partner in her peerleſſe loue.
Vnkinde: and wil ſhe bend her thoughts to change?
Her name, her writing? Ah fooliſh and vnkinde.
No name of hers; vnles the brookes relent
To heare her name, and Rhodanus vouchſafe
To raiſe his moyſtned lockes from out the reedes,
And flow with calme alongſt his turning bounds:
No name of hers, vnles Zephyrus blow
Her dignities alongſt Ardenia woods;
Where all the world for wonders doo await.
And yet her name; for why Angelica:
But mixt with Medor, not Angelica.
Onely by me was lovd Angelica,
Onely for me muſt liue Angelica.
I finde her drift, perhaps the modeſt pledge
Of my content, hath with a ſecret ſmile
And ſweet diſguiſe reſtraind her fancie thus,
Figuring Orlando vnder Medors name:
Fine drift (faire Nymph) Orlando hopes no leſſe.

He ſpyes the Roundelayes.

Yet more are Muſes masking in theſe trees,
Framing their ditties in conceited lines,
Making a Goddeſſe in deſpite of me,
That haue no other but Angelica.

Shep: Poore haples man, theſe thoughts containe the hell,

Orlando reades this roundelay.

Angelica is Ladie of his hart,
Angelica is ſubſtance of his ioy,
Angelica is medcine of his ſmart,
Angelica hath healed his annoy.

Orl: Ah falſe Angelica. What haue we more?

Another.

Let groues, let rockes, let woods, let watrie ſprings,
The Cedar, Cypreſſe, Laurell, and the Pine,
Ioy in the notes of loue that Medor ſings,
Of thoſe ſweet lookes Angelica of thine.
Then Medor in Angelica take delight,
Early, at morne, at noone, at euen and night.

Orl: What dares Medor court my Venus?
What may Orlando deeme?
Aetna forſake the bounds of Sicily,
For now in me thy reſtleſſe flames appeare,
Refuſd, contemnd, diſdaind: what worſe than theſe?
Orgalio.

Org:

Org: My Lord.

Orl: Boy, view these trees carued with true loue
The inscription Medor and Angelica: (knots,
And read these verses hung vp of their loues.
Now tell me boy, what dost thou thinke?

Org: By my troth my Lord, I thinke Angelica is a woman.

Orl: And what of that?

Org: Therefore vnconstant, mutable, hauing their loues hanging in their ey-lids; that as they are got with a looke, so they are lost againe with a wink. But heres a Shepheard, it may be he can tell vs news.

Orl: What messenger hath Ate sent abroad,
With idle lookes to listen my laments.
Sirra, who wronged happy Nature so,
To spoyle these trees with this Angelica?
Yet in her name (Orlando) they are blest.

Shep: I am a shepheard swaine, thou wandring Knight,
That watch my flockes, not one that follow loue.

Orl: As follow loue? why darest thou dispraise my heauen,
Or once disgrace or preiudice her name?
Is not Angelica the Queene of loue,
Deckt with the compound wreath of Adons flowrs She is.
Then speake thou peasant, what is he that dares
Attempt to court my Queene of loue.
Or I shall send thy soule to Charons charge.

Sh: Braue knight since feare of death inforceth still

In greater mindes ſubmiſsion and relent:
Know that this Medor whoſe vnhappie name
Is mixed with the faire Angelicas,
Is euen that Medor that inioyes her loue.
Yon caue beares witnes of their kind content,
Yon medowes talke the actions of their ioy.
Our Shepheards in their ſongs of ſolace ſing,
Angelica doth none but Medor loue.
Orl: Angelica doth none but Medor loue?
Shall Medor then poſſeſſe Orlandos loue?
Daintie and gladſome beames of my delight,
Delicious browes, why ſmiles your heauen for thoſe
That wandring make you proue Orlandos foes:
Lend me your plaints, you ſweet Arcadian Nimphs,
That wont to waile your new departed loues:
Thou weeping floud, leaue Orpheus waile for me,
And Titans Neeces gather all in one
Thoſe fluent ſprings of your lamenting teares,
And let them flow alongſt my faintfull lookes.
Shep: Now is the fire late ſmothered in ſuſpect,
Kindled and burnes within his angrie breſt.
Now haue I done the will of Sacrepant.
Orl: Fœmineum ſeruile genus, crudele, ſuperbum:
Diſcurteous women, Natures faireſt ill,
The woe of man, that firſt created curſſe;
Baſe female ſex, ſprung from blacke Ates loynes,
Proud, diſdainfull, cruell and vniuſt:
Whoſe words are ſhaded with inchanting wills,
Worſe than Meduſa, mateth all our mindes,
And in their harts ſits ſhameles trecherie

Turning a truthles vile circumference.
O could my furie paint their furies forth,
For hels no hell compared to their harts,
Too ſimple diuels to conceale their arts.
Borne to be plagues vnto the thoughts of men,
Brought for eternall peſtilence to the world.

O Femmenelle in genio de toute malle ſede,
Comete, vulge, mute, fachilmente,
Contrario, zetō, propria de la fede;
O infelice, miſerate, crede,
Importuna, ſuperbia, diſpetoze:
Preua de more, de fede, de conſilia,
Timmorare, crudele, ineque, ingrate,
Par peſtelenze eternal monde nate.

Villaine, what art thou that followeſt me?

Org: Alas my Lord, I am your ſeruant Orgalio.

Orl: No villaine thou art Medor that ranſt away with Angelica.

Org: No by my troth my Lord, I am Orgalio, aske all theſe people elſe.

Orl: Art thou Orgalio? tell me where Medor is.

Org: My Lord looke where he ſits.

Orl: What, ſits he here, and braues me too?

Shep: No truly Sir, I am not he.

Orl: Yes villaine.

He drawes him in by the leg.

Org: Help, help, my Lord of Aquitaine.

Enter

Enter Duke of Aquitaine, and ſouldiers.

Org: O my Lord of Aquitaine the Count Orlando is run mad, and taking of a ſhepheard by the heeles, rends him as one would teare a Larke. See where he comes with a leg on his necke.

Enter Orlando with a leg.

Orl: Villaine, prouide me ſtraight a Lions skin,
Thou ſeeſt I now am mightie Hercules:
Looke wheres my maſsie club vpon my necke.
I muſt to hell, to ſeeke for Medor and Angelica,
Or elſe I dye.
You that are the reſt, get you quickly away,
Prouide ye horſes all of burniſht gold,
Saddles of corke becauſe Ile haue them light,
For Charlemaine the Great is vp in armes.
And Arthur with a crue of Britons comes
To ſeeke for Medor and Angelica.

So he beateth them all in before him. Manet Orgalio

Enter Marſillus.

Org: Ah my Lord Orlando.
Mar: Orlando, what of Orlando?
Org: He my Lord runs madding through the woods,
Like mad Oreſtes in his greateſt rage. Step

Step but aſide into the bordring groue,
There ſhall you ſee ingrauen on euerie tree,
The lawleſſe loue of Medor and Angelica.
O ſee my Lord, not any ſhrub but beares
The curſed ſtampe that wrought the Counties rage.
If thou beeſt mightie King Marſillus,
For whom the Countie would aduenture life:
Reuenge it on the falſe Angelica.

Mar: Truſt me Orgalio, Theſeus in his rage,
Did neuer more reuenge his wronged Hyppolitus,
Than I will on the falſe Angelica.
Goe to my Court, and drag me Medor forth
Teare from his breſt the daring villaines hart.
Next take that baſe and damnd adultereſſe,
(I ſcorne to title her with daughters name:)
Put her in rags, and like ſome ſhepheardeſſe,
Exile her from my kingdome preſently.
Delay not good Orgalio, ſee it done. Exit Orgalio.

Enter a ſouldier with Mandricard diſguiſed.

How now my frend, what fellow haſt thou there?

Soul: He ſayes my Lord that hee is ſeruant vnto Mandricard.

Mar: To Mandricard?
It fits me not to ſway the Diademe,
Or rule the wealthy Realmes of Barbarie,
To ſtaine my thoughts with any cowardiſe.
Thy maſter bravde me to my teeth,
He backt the Prince of Cuba for my foe,

For which nor he nor his ſhall ſcape my hands.
No ſouldier, thinke me reſolute as hee.
Man: It greeues me much that Princes diſagree,
Sith blacke repentance followeth afterward.
But leauing that, pardon me gracious Lord.
Mar: For thou intreatſt and newly art arrivd,
And yet thy ſword is not imbrewd in blood,
Vpon conditions I will pardon thee;
That thou ſhalt neuer tell thy maſter Mandricard,
Nor anie fellow ſoldier of the campe,
That King Marſillus licenſt thee depart:
He ſhall not thinke I am ſo much his frend,
That he or one of his ſhall ſcape my hand.
Man: I ſwear my Lord, & vow to keep my word.
Mar: Then take my banderoll of red,
Mine, and none but mine ſhall honor thee,
And ſafe conduct thee to port Carthagene.
Man: But ſay my Lord, if Mandricard were here
What fauor ſhould he finde or life or death?
Mar: I tell thee frend, it fits not for a King
To prize his wrath before his curteſie.
Were Mandricard the King of Mexico
In priſon here, and cravde but libertie;
So little hate hangs in Marſillus breaſt,
As one intreatie ſhould quite race it out.
But this concernes not thee, therefore farewell.
Exit Marſillus.
Man: Thankes & good fortune fall to ſuch a king,
As couets to be counted curteous.
Bluſh Mandricard, the honor of thy foe diſgraceth thee.
Thou

Thou wrongeſt him that wiſheth thee but well:
Thou bringeſt ſtore of men from Mexico
To battaile him that ſcornes to iniure thee,
Pawning his colours for thy warrantize.
Backe to thy ſhips, and hie thee to thy home,
Bouge not a foote to aid Prince Rodomant,
But frendly gratulate theſe fauors found,
And meditate on nought but to be frends. Exit.

Enter Orlando attired like a mad-man.

Orl: Woods, trees, leaues; leaues, trees, woods: tria ſequuntur tria. Ho Minerua, ſalve, God morrow how doo you to day? Tell me ſweet Goddeſſe, will Ioue ſend Mercury to Calipſo to let mee goe. Will he? why then hees a Gentleman euerie haire a the head on him. But ho Orgalio, where art thou boy?

Org: Here my Lord, did you call mee?

Orl: No, nor name thee.

Org: Then God be with you.

Orgalio proffers to goe in.

Orl: Nay pree thee good Orgalio ſtay,
Çanſt thou not tell me what to ſay?

Org: No by my troth.

Orl: O this it is, Angelica is dead.

Org: Why then ſhe ſhall be buried.

Orl: But my Angelica is dead.

Org: Why it may be ſo.

Orl: But ſhees dead and buried.

Org: I, I thinke ſo.
Orl: Nothing but I thinke ſo, and it may be ſo.
He beateth him.
Org: What doo ye meane my Lord?
Orl: Why ſhall I tell you that my Loue is dead, and can ye not weep for her.
Org: Yes yes my Lord I will.
Orl: Well doo ſo then. Orgalio.
Org: My Lord.
Orl: Angelica is dead.
Orgalio cries.
Ah poore ſlaue, ſo, crie no more now.
Org: Nay I haue quickly done.
Orl: Orgalio.
Org: My Lord.
Orl: Medors Angelica is dead.

Orgalio cries, and Orlando beats him againe.

Org: Why doo ye beat me my Lord?
Orl: Why ſlaue, wilt thou weep for Medors Anlica, thou muſt laugh for her.
Org: Laugh? yes, Ile laugh all day and you will.
Orl. Orgalio.
Org: My Lord.
Orl: Medors Angelica is dead.
Org: Ha ha ha ha.
Orl: So, tis well now.
Org: Nay this is eaſier than the other was.
Orl: Now away, ſeek the hearb Moly, for I muſt

to

to hell, to ſeeke for Medor and Angelica.

Org: I know not the hearb Moly ifaith.

Orl: Come Ile lead ye to it by the eares.

Org: Tis here my Lord, tis here.

Orl: Tis indeed, now to Charon, bid him dreſſe his boat, for he had neuer ſuch a paſſenger.

Org: Shall I tell him your name? Exit.

Orl: No, then he wil be afraid, & not be at home.

Enter two Clownes.

Tho: Sirra Rafe, and thoult goe with me, Ile let thee ſee the braueſt mad man that euer thou ſawſt.

Rafe. Sirra Tom: I beleeue twas he that was at our towne a ſunday, Ile tell thee what he did ſirra: he came to our houſe, when all our folkes were gone to Church, and there was no bodie at home but I, & I was turning of the ſpit, and he comes in, & bad me fetch him ſome drinke. Now I went and fetcht him ſome, & ere I came againe, by my troth he ran away with the roſt-meate ſpit and all, & ſo we had nothing but porredge to dinner.

Thomas. By my troth that was braue, but ſirrha he did ſo courſe the boyes laſt ſunday: and if ye call him mad-man, heel run after you, & tickle your ribs ſo with his flap of leather that he hath as it paſſeth.

They ſpie Orlando.

Rafe Oh Tom looke where he is, call him mad-man.

Tom. Mad-man, mad-man.

Raſe: Mad-man, mad-man.
Orl: What ſaiſt thou villaine?
He beateth them.
So now you ſhall be both my Souldiers.
Tom: Your ſoldiers, we ſhall haue a mad Captaine then.
Orl: You muſt fight againſt Medor.
Raf: Yes let me alone with him for a bloody noſe.
Orl: Come then and Ile giue you weapons ſtrait.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Angelica like a poore woman.
An: Thus cauſeles baniſht from thy natiue home,
Here ſit Angelica and reſt a while,
For to bewaile the fortunes of thy loue.

Enter Rodamant and Brandemart with Souldiers.
Roda: This way ſhe went, & far ſhe cannot be.
Brand: See where ſhe is my Lord, ſpeak as if you knew her not.
Ro: Faire ſhepherdeſſe for ſo thy ſitting ſeemes,
Or Nymph for leſſe thy beauty cannot be:
What feede you ſheepe vpon theſe downes?
Ange: Daughter I am vnto a bordering Swaine,
That tend my flocks within theſe ſhady groues.
Roda. Fond gyrle thou lieſt, thou art Angelica.
Brand: I thou art ſhee that wrongd thē Palatine.
Ange: For I am knowne albeit I am diſguiſde,
Yet dare I turne the lie into thy throte,

Sith

Sith thou reportſt I wrongd the Palatine.

Brand: Nay then thou ſhalt be vſed according to thy deſerts, come bring her to our Tents.

Roda: But ſtay what Drum is this?

Enter Orlando with a Drum, and ſouldiers with ſpits and dripping-pans.

Br: Now ſee Angelica the fruits of all your loue.

Orl: Souldiers, this is the Citie of great Babilon,
Where proud Darius was rebated from,
Play but the men and I will lay my head,
Weele ſacke and raze it ere the ſunne be ſet.

Clowne: Yea and ſcratch it too,
March faire fellow frying-pan. (ter?

Orl: Orgalio, knowſt thou the cauſe of my laugh-

Org: No by my troth, nor no wiſe-man elſe.

Orl: Why ſirra to thinke that if the enemie were fled ere we come, weele not leaue one of our own ſouldiers aliue, for wee two will kill them with our fiſts.

Raſe: Fo come lets goe home againe, heele ſet Probatum eſt vpon my headpeece anon.

Orl: No, no, thou ſhalt not be hurt, nor thee,
Backe ſouldiers, looke where the enemie is.

Tom: Captaine, they haue a woman amongſt them.

Orl: And what of that?

Tom: Why ſtrike you downe the men, and then let me alone to thruſt in the woman.

Orl:

Orl: No I am challenged the ſingle fight,
Syrra, iſt you challenge me the combate.
Brand: Franticke companion, lunatick & wood,
Get thee hence, or elſe I vow by heauen,
Thy madnes ſhall not priuiledge thy life.
Orl: I tell thee villaine Medor wrongd me ſo,
Sith thou art come his Champion to the field,
Ile learne thee know I am the Palatine.

Alarum: They fight, Orlando kills Brandemart, and all the reſt flie but Angelica.

Org: Looke my Lord heres one kild.
Orl: Who kild him?
Org: You my Lord I thinke.
Orl: I? No, no, I ſee who kild him.
He goeth to Angelica and knowes her not.
Come hither gentle ſir, whoſe proweſſe hath performde ſuch an act, thinke not the curteous Palatine will hinder that thine Honour hath atchieuide, Orgalio fetch me a ſword, that preſently this ſquire may be dubd a Knight.
Ange: Thankes gentle Fortune that ſendes mee ſuch good hap,
Rather to die by him I love ſo deare,
Than liue and ſee my Lord thus lunaticke.
Org: Here my Lord.
Orl: If thou beeſt come of Lancelots worthy line welcome thou art,
Kneele downe ſir Knight, riſe vp ſir Knight,

Here take this ſword, and hie thee to the fight.
Exit Angelica.
Now tell me Orgalio, what doſt thou thinke,
Will not this Knight proue a valiant Squire?
Org: He cannot chuſe being of your making.
Orl: But wheres Angelica now?
Org: Faith I cannot tell.
Orl: Villaine find her out,
Or elſe the torments that Ixion feeles,
The rolling ſtone, the tubs of the Belides.
Villaine wilt thou finde her out.
Org: Alas my Lord, I know not where ſhe is.
Orl: Run to Charlemaine, ſpare for no coſt,
Tell him Orlando ſent for Angelica.
Org: Faith Ile fetch you ſuch an Angelica as you neuer ſaw before. Exit Orgalio.
Orl: As though that Sagittarius in his pride,
Could take braue Læda from ſtout Iupiter?
And yet forſooth Medor, baſe Medor durſt
Attempt to reue Orlando of his loue.
Sirra, you that are the meſſenger of Ioue,
You that can ſweep it through the milke white path
That leads vnto the Senate houſe of Mars.
Fetch me my ſhield temperd of pureſt ſteele,
My helme forgd by the Cyclops for Anchiſes ſonne,
And ſee if I dare not combat for Angelica.
Enter Orgalio with the Clowne dreſt lyke Angelica.
Org: Come away, and take heed you laugh not.
Cl: No I warrant you, but I thinke I had beſt go

backe and ſhaue my beard.

Org: Tuſh, that will not be ſeene.

Cl: Well you will giue me the halfe crowne ye promiſt me.

Org: Doubt not of that man.

Cl: Sirra, didſt not ſee me ſerue the fellow a fine tricke, when we came ouer the market place.

Org: Why, how was that?

Cl: Why hee comes to me, and ſaid; Gentlewoman, wilt pleaſe you take a pint or a quart. No Gentlewoman ſaid I, but your frend and Doritie.

Org: Excellent: come ſee where my Lord is. My Lord, here is Angelica.

Orl: Mas thou ſaiſt true, tis ſhe indeed;
How fares the faire Angelica?

Cl: Well I thanke you hartely.

Orl: Why art thou not that ſame Angelica,
Whoſe hiew as bright as faire Erythea
That darkes Canopus with her ſiluer hiew?

Cl: Yes forſooth.

Orl: Are not theſe the beauteous cheekes,
Wherein the Lillies and the natiue Roſe
Sits equall ſuited with a bluſhing red?

Cl: He makes a garden plot in my face.

Orl: Are not my dere thoſe radient eyes,
Whereout proud Phœbus flaſheth out his beames?

Cl: Yes, yes, with ſquibs and crackers braueiy.

Orl: You are Angelica?

Cl: Yes marry am I.

Orl: Wheres your ſweet hart Medor?

Cl:

Cl: Orgalio, giue me eighteen pence, & let me go.
Orl: Speake ſtrumpet, ſpeake.
Cl: Marry ſir he is drinking a pint or a quart.
Orl: Why ſtrumpet, worſe than Mars his trothleſſe loue. (ſcape.
Falſer than faithles Creſsida: ſtrumpet thou ſhalt not
Cl: Come, come, you doo not vſe me like a gentlewoman; and if I be not for you I am for another.
Orl: Are you, that will I trie.
He beareth him out. Exeunt omnes.

Enter the twelue Peeres of France, with drum and trumpets.

Og: Braue Peeres of France, ſith wee haue paſt the bounds,
Whereby the wrangling billowes ſeekes for ſtraites
To warre with Tellus, and her fruitfull mynes:
Sith we haue furrowd throgh thoſe wandring tides
Of Tyrrhene ſeas, and made our galleys dance
Vpon the Hyperborian billowes creſts,
That braues with ſtreames the watrie Occident:
And found the rich and wealthie Indian clime,
Sought too by greedie mindes for hurtfull gold.
Now let vs ſeeke to venge the Lampe of France,
That lately was eclipſed in Angelica.
Now let vs ſeeke Orlando forth our Peere,
Though from his former wits lately eſtrangd,
Yet famous in our fauors as before.
And ſith by chance we all encountred hee

Lets ſeeke reuenge on her that wrought his wrong.
Names. But being thus arrivd in place vnknown,
Who ſhall direct our courſe vnto the Court,
Where braue Marſillus keepes his royall State.
Enter Marſillus and Mandricard like Palmers.
Og: Loe here, two Indian Palmers hard at hand
Who can perhaps reſolue our hidden doubts.
Palmers, God ſpeed.
Mar: Lordings, we greet you well. (tel.
Og: Where lies Marſillus Court, frend canſt thou
Mar: His Court is his campe, the Prince is now in armes.
Turpin. In armes? Whats he that dares annoy ſo great a King.
Man: Such as both loue & furie doth confound,
Fierce Sacrepant, incenſt with ſtrange deſires,
Warres on Marſillus, and Rodamant being dead,
Hath leuied all his men, and traitor-like
Aſſailes his Lord, and louing ſoueraigne.
And Mandricard who late hath been in armes,
To proſecute reuenge againſt Marſillus,
Is now through fauors paſt become his frend.
Thus ſtands the ſtate of matchles India.
Og: Palmer, I like thy braue and breef diſcourſe,
And couldſt thou bring vs to the Princes campe,
We would acknowledge frendſhip at thy hands.
Mar: Ye ſtranger Lords, why ſeeke ye out Marſillus?
Ol: In hope that he whoſe Empire is ſo large,
Will make both minde and Monarchie agree.

Mar:

Mar: Whence are you Lords, and what requeſt
you here?
Names. A queſtion ouer-hautie for thy weed,
Fit for the King himſelfe for to propound.
Man: O ſir, know that vnder ſimple weeds
The Gods haue maskt, then deeme not with diſdain
To anſwere to this Palmers queſtion,
Whoſe coat includes perhaps as great as yours.
Og: Hautie their words, their perſons ful of ſtate,
Though habit be but meane, their mindes excell.
Well Palmers know that Princes are in India arrivd
Yea euen thoſe weſterne princely peeres of France,
That through the world aduentures vndertake,
To find Orlando late incenſt with rage.
Then Palmers ſith you know our ſtiles and ſtate,
Aduiſe vs where your King Marſillus is.
Mar: Lordings of France, here is Marſillus,
That bids you welcome into India,
And will in perſon bring you to his campe.
Og: Marſillus, and thus diſguiſd?
Mar: Euen Marſillus, and thus diſguiſd.
But what requeſt theſe Princes at my hand?
Turpin. We ſue for law and iuſtice at thy hand,
We ſeeke Angelica thy daughter out;
That wanton maid, that hath eclipſt the ioy
Of royall France, and made Orlando mad.
Mar: My daughter Lords, why ſhees exilde,
And her grieud father is content to loſe
The pleaſance of his age to countnance law.
Oli: Nor onely exile ſhall await Angelica,

But death and bitter death ſhall follow her,
Then yeeld vs right Marſillus, or our ſwords
Shal make thee feare to wrong the Pieres of France.
Mar: Wordes cannot daunt mee Princes bee aſ-
ſurde,
But law and iuſtice ſhall ouerrule in this,
And I will burie fathers name and loue,
The haples maide banniſht from out my Land,
Wanders about in woods and waies vnknowne,
Her if yee finde with furie perſecute,
I now diſdaine the name to be her Father,
Lords of France what would you more of me.
Oger: Marſillus wee commende thy Princely
minde,
And will report thy iuſtice through the world,
Come Peeres of France lets ſeeke Angelica,
Left for a ſpoile to our reuenging thoughts.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Orlando like a Poet.

Orl: Orgalio, is not my loue like thoſe purple
coloured ſwans,
That gallop by the Coach of Cynthia.
Org: Yes marry is ſhee my Lord.
Orl: Is not her face ſiluerd like that milke-white
ſhape,
When Ioue came dauncing downe to Semele.
Org: It is my Lord.
Then goe thy waies and clime vp to the Clowds,
And

And tell Apollo that Orlando ſits,
Making of verſes for Angelica.
And if he doo denie to ſend me downe
The ſhirt which Deianyra ſent to Hercules,
To make me braue vpon my wedding day;
Tell him Ile paſſe the Alpes, and vp to Meroe,
(I know he knowes that watrie lakiſh hill)
And pull the harpe out of the minſtrelis hands,
And pawne it vnto louely Proſerpine,
That ſhe may fetch the faire Angelica.

Org: But my Lord Apollo is a ſleepe & will not heare me,

Orl: Then tell him he is a ſleepy knaue:
But ſirra let no body trouble mee, for I muſt lie downe a while and talke with the ſtarres.

Entet Fidler.

Org: What old acquaintance well met.

Fidler. Ho you would haue me play Angelica againe, would ye not?

Org: No, but I can tell thee where thou mayeſt earne two or three ſhillings this morning, euen with the turning of a hand.

Fidler: Two or three ſhillinges, tuſh thou wot coſſen me thou, but and thou canſt tell where I may earne a groate, Ile giue thee ſixe pence for thy paines.

Org: Then play a fit of mirth to my Lord.

Fid: Why he is mad ſtill is he not.

Org:

Org: No,no, come play.

Fidler. At which ſide dooth he vſe to giue his reward.

Org: Why of anie ſide.

Fidler. Doth he not vſe to throw the chamber pot ſometimes? Twould greeue me he ſhould wet my fiddle ſtrings.

Org: Tuſh I warrant thee.

He playes and ſings any odde toy, and Orlando wakes.

Orl: Who is this, Shan Cuttelero? hartely welcome, Shan Cuttelero.

Fidler. No ſir, you ſhould haue ſaid Shan the Fidideldero.

Orl: What, haſt thou brought me my ſword?

He takes away his fiddle.

Fidler. A ſword? No no ſir, thats my fiddle.

Orl: But doſt thou think the temper to be good? And will it hold, when thus and thus we Medor do aſſaile?

He ſtrikes and beates him with the fiddle.

Fidler. Lord ſir, youle breake my liuing. You told me your maſter was not mad.

Orl: Tel me, why haſt thou mard my ſword? The pummells well, the blade is curtald ſhort.

Villaine why haſt thou made it ſo,
Fidler. O Lord Sir, will you anſwere this?
He breakes it about his head.
Exit Fidler.

Enter Meliſſa with a glaſſe of Wine.

Orl. Orgalio who is this?
Orga. Faith my Lord ſome old witch I thinke.
Mel. O that my Lord woulde but conceit my tale.
Then would I ſpeake and hope to finde redreſſe.
Orl: Faire Polixena, the pride of Illion,
Feare not Achilles ouer-madding boy,
Pyrrus ſhall not, &c.
Sounes Orgalio, why ſuffereſt thou this old trot to come ſo nigh me?
Orga: come, come, ſtand by, your breath ſtinkes.
Orl: What, be all the Trogians fled,
Then giue me ſome drinke.
Mel: Here Palatine drinke, and euer be thou better for this draught.
Orl: What here the paltrie bottle that Darius quaft,
Hee drinkes, and ſhe charmes him with her wand, and lies downe to ſleepe.
Elſe would I ſet my mouth to Tygres ſtreames,
And drinke vp ouerflowing Euphrates,
My eyes are heauie, and I needs muſt ſleep.
Meliſſa ſtriketh with her wande, and the Satyres

enter with muſicke and plaie round about him, which done, they ſtaie, he awaketh and ſpeakes.

What ſhewes are theſe that fill mine eies
With view of ſuch regard as heauen admires,
To ſee my ſlumbring dreames,
Skies are fulfild with lampes of laſting ioy,
That boaſt the pride of haught Latonas ſonne,
He lightneth all the candles of the night.
Nymoſene hath kiſt the kingly Ioue,
And entertaind a feaſt within my brains,
Making her daughter ſolace on my brow,
Mee thinks I feele how Cinthya tunes conceites
Of ſad repent, and meloweth thoſe deſires
Which phrenſies ſcares had ripened in my head.
Ate Ile kiſſe thy reſtleſſe cheeke a while,
And ſuffer vile repent to bide controll,
He lieth downe againe.

Mel: *O vos Siluani, Satyri, Faunique, Deaque,*
Nymphæ Hamadriades, Driades, Perſæque potentes,
O vos qui colites lacuſque laeoſque profundos,
Infernaſque domus, & nigra palatia Ditis:
Tuque Demogorgon qui noctis fata gubernas,
Quĩ regis infernum, ſolemque, ſolumque, cælumque,
Exaudite preces, filiaſque auferte micantes,
In caput Orlandi cæleſtes ſpargite lympus,
Spargite, quis miſere reuocetur raptator vmbras
Orlando infælix anima.

Then let the muſicke play before him, and ſo goe forth.

Orl:

Orl: What ſights, what ſhewes, what fearefull
ſhapes are theſe?
More dreadfull then appeard to Hecuba,
When fall of Troy was figured in her ſleepe.
Iuno mee thought ſent downe from heauen by
Ioue.
Came ſwiftly ſweeping through the gloomy aire
And calling Fame the Satyres and the nymphs,
She gaue them viols full of heauenly dew,
With that mounted on her parti-coloured coach
Being drawen with peacockes proudly through
the aire,
She flew with Iris to the ſphere of Ioue.
What fearefull thoughts ariſe vpon this ſhow?
What deſert groue is this? How thus diſguiſde?
Where is Orgalio?

Orgal: Here my Lord.

Orl: Sirah, how came I thus diſguiſde,
Like made Oreſtes quaintly thus diſguiſd?

Orl: Like mad Oreſtes, nay my Lord, you may
boldly iuſtifie the compariſon, for Oreſtes was
neuer ſo mad in his life as you were.

Orl: What was I mad? What furie hath in-
chanted me?

Mel: A furie ſure worſe than Megera was,
That reft her ſonne from truſtie Pilades.

Orl: Why, what art thou, ſome Sybel or ſome
goddeſſe, freely ſpeake?

Mel: Time not affoords to tell each circum-
ſtance?

But thrice hath Cynthia changde her hiew
Since thou infected with a lunasie,
Hast gadded vp and downe these lands & groues
Performing strange and ruthfull stratagemes,
All for the loue of faire Angelica,
Whome thou with Medor didst suppose plaide
false,
But Sacrepant had grauen these rundelaies,
To sting thee with infecting iealousie;
The swaine that tolde thee of their oft conuerse,
Was seruant vnto Countie Sacrepant,
And trust me Orlando, Angelica though true to
thee,
Is banisht from the court,
And Sacrepnat this daie bids battel to Marsillius
The armies readie are to giue assaile,
And on a hill that ouerpeeres them both,
Stands all the worthie matchles peeres of France
Who are in queste to seeke Orlando out.
Muse not at this, for I haue tolde thee true,
I am she that cured thy disease,
Here take these weapons giuen thee by the fates,
And hie thee Countie to the battell straight.
Or: Thanks sacred Goddes for thy helping hand
Thether will I hie to be reuengd.
Alarmes. Exit.

Enter Sacrepant crowned, and pursuing Marsil-
lus and Mandrecard.

Sacre: Viceroyes you are dead,

For

For Sacrepant alreadie crownd a king,
Heaues vp his ſword to haue your diadems.
Mar: Traitor, not dead, or anie wit diſmaide,
For deare we prize the ſmalleſt droppe of bloud.
Enter Orlando with a ſcarfe before his face.
Orl: Stay Princes, baſe not your ſelues to cumbat ſuch a dog.
Mount on your courſers, follow thoſe that flie,
And let your conquering ſwoordes be tainted in their blouds
Paſſe ye, for him he ſhall be combatted.
Exit Kings.
Sac: Why what art thou that braueſt me thus?
Orl: I am thou ſeeſt a mercenarie ſouldier
Homely, yet of ſuch haughtie thoughts;
As noght can ſerue to quēch th'aſpiring thoghtes
That burnes as doe the fires of Cicely,
Vnleſſe I win that princely diademe,
That ſeemes ſo ill vppon thy cowards head.
Sac. Coward. To armes ſir boy, I will not brooke theſe braues,
If Mars himſelfe euen from his firie throne,
Came armde with all his furnitures of warre.

They ſight.

Oh villaine, thou haſt ſlaine a prince.
Orl: Then maiſt thou think that Mars himſelf
Came down to vaile thy plumes, and heaue thee

from thy pompe.
Proud that thou art, I recke not of thy gree,
But I will haue the conqueſt of my ſword,
Which is the glorie of thy diadem.
Sac: Theſe words bewraie thou art no baſe borne moore,
But by deſcent ſprong from ſome roiall line,
Then freely tell me whats thy name.
Orl: Nay firſt let me know thine?
Sac: Then know that thou haſt ſlaine Prince Sacrepant.
Orl: Sacrepant. Then let me at thy dying day intreate,
By that ſame ſphere wherein thy ſoule ſhall reſt,
If Ioue denie not paſſage to thy ghoſt,
Thou tell mee whether thou wrongdſt Angelica or no.
Sac: O thats the ſting that pricks my conſcience
Oh thats the hell my thoughts abhorre to thinke,
I tel thee knight, for thou doeſt ſeeme no leſſe,
That I ingravde the rundelaies on the trees,
And hung the ſedulet of poore Medors loue,
Intending ſo to breed debate,
Betweene Orlando and Angelica,
O thus I wrongd Orlando and Angelica.
Now tell me what ſhall I call thy name.
Orl: Then dead is the fatall authour of my ill,
Baſe villaine, vaſſall, vnworthie of a crowne,
Knowe that the man that ſtrucke the fatall ſtroke,
Is Orlando the Countie Palatine,

Whome

Whome fortune ſent to quittance all my wrongs
Thou foild and ſlain, it now behoues me ſtraight
To hie me faſt to maſſacre thy men,
And ſo farewell thou deuill in ſhape of man.
Exit.

Sac: Hath Demogorgon ruler of the fates,
Set ſuch a balefull period on my life,
As none might end the daies of Sacrepant,
But mightie Orlando riuall of my loue,
Now holdeth the fatall murderers of men,
The ſharpned knife readie to cut my threed,
Ending the ſcene of all my tragedie,
This daie, this houre, this minute ends the daies
Of him that liude worthie olde Neſtors age.
Phœbus put on thy ſable ſuted wreath,
Cladde all thy ſpheres in darke and mourning weedes.
Parcht be the earth to drinke vp euery ſpring,
Let corne and trees be blaſted from aboue,
Heauen turne to braſſe, & earth to wedge of ſteel
The worlde to cinders, Mars come thundering downe,
And neuer ſheath thy ſwift reuenging ſwoorde,
Till like the deluge in Dewcalions daies,
The higgeſt mountaines ſwimme in ſtreames of bloud.
Heauen, earth, men, beaſts, & euerie liuing thing
Conſume and end with countie Sacrepant.
he dyes.

Enter

Enter Marſillus, Mandrecard, and twelue peeres with Angelica.

Mar. Fought is the field, & Sacrepant is ſlaine,
With ſuch a maſſacre of all his men,
As Mars deſcending in his purple robe,
Vowes with Bellona in whole heapes of bloud
To banquet all the demie gods of warre.
Mandr. See where hee lies ſlaughtered without the campe,
And by a ſimple ſwaine, a mercenarie,
Who brauely tooke the combat to himſelfe,
Might I but know the man that did the deede,
I would my Lord eternize him with fame.
Oger: Leauing the factious countie to his death,
Command my Lord his bodie be conuaid
Vnto ſome place as likes your Highnes beſt,
See Marſillus poaſting thorough Affrica,
We haue found this ſtragling girle Angelica,
Who for ſhe wrongd her loue Orlando
Chiefeſt of the Weſterne peeres,
Conuerſing with ſo meane a man as Medor was,
We will haue her puniſht by the lawes of France,
To end her burning luſt in flames of fire.
Mar. Beſhrew you lordings but you doe your worſt.
Fire, famine, and as cruell death,
As fell to Neros mother in his rage.
Angelica. Father, if I may dare to call thee ſo,
And Lordes of France come from the Weſterne ſeas.

In queſt to finde mightie Orlando out,
Yet ere I die let me haue leaue to ſay,
Angelica held euer in her thoughts,
Moſt deare the loue of Countie Palatine:
What wretch hath wrongd vs with ſuſpect of loue,
I know not I, nor can accuſe the man:
But by the heauens whereto my ſoule ſhall flie,
Angelica did neuer wrong Orlando.
I ſpeake not this as one that cares to liue,
For why, my thoughts are fully malecontent,
And I coniure you by your Chiualrie,
You quit Orlandos wrong vpon Angelica.

Enter Orlando with a ſcarfe before his face.

Oliuer: Strumpet feare not, for by faire Mayas ſonne,
This day thy ſoule ſhall vaniſh vp in fire,
As Semele when Iuno wild the trull,
To entertaine the glorie of her loue.
Orl: Frenchman, for ſo thy quaint aray imports,
Be thou a Piere, or be thou Charlemaine,
Or hadſt thou Hector or Achilles hart,
Or neuer daunted thoughts of Hercules,
That did in courage far ſurpaſſe them all,
I tell thee ſir, thou lieſt in thy throate,
The greateſt braue tranſalpine France can brooke,
In ſaying that ſacred Angelica,
Did offer wrong vnto the Palatine:
I am a common mercenary ſouldier,

Yet for I ſee my Princeſſe is abuſd
By new come ſtraglers from a forren coaſt,
I dare the proudeſt of theſe weſterne Lords
To cracke a blade in triall of her right.
Mam: Why fooliſh hardie daring ſimple groome,
Follower of fond conceited Phaeton:
Knoweſt thou to whom thou ſpeakſt?
Mar: Braue ſouldier (for ſo much thy courage
Theſe men are princes, dipt within the blood (ſaies)
Of Kings moſt royall, ſeated in the Weſt,
Vnfit to accept a challenge at your hand.
Yet thankes that thou wouldſt in thy Lords defence
Fight for my daughter, but her guilt is knowne.
Ang: I, reſt thee ſouldier, Angelica is falſe,
Falſe, for ſhe hath no triall of her right:
Souldier, let me die for the miſſe of all.
Wert thou as ſtout as is proud Theſeus,
In vaine thy blade ſhould offer my defence:
For why, theſe be the champions of the world,
Twelue Peeres of France that neuer yet were foild.
Orl: How Madam, the twelue Peeres of France?
Why let them be twelue diuels of hell:
What I haue ſaid Ile pawne my ſword
To ſcale it on the ſhield of him that dares
Malgrado of his honor combat me.
Oliuer. Marrie ſir, that dare I.
Orl: Yar a welcome man ſir.
Turpin. Chaſtiſe the groome (Oliuer) & learne him know,
We are not like the boyes of Africa.

Orl: Heare you ſir: You that ſo peremptorily
bad him fight,
Prepare y our weapons for your turne is next,
Tis not one Champion that can diſcourage me,
Come are yee ready.

He fighteth firſt with one, and then with another, and ouercomes them both.

So ſtand aſide, and Maddam if my fortune laſt it out,
Ile gard your perſon with twelue Pieres of France.
Og: Oh Oger how canſt thou ſtand & ſee a ſlaue
Diſgrace the houſe of France: Syrra prepare you,
For angry Nemeſis ſits on my ſword to be reuengd.
Orl: Well ſaide Frenchman, you haue made a goodly oration: But you had beſt to vſe your ſword better, leſt I beſwinge you.

They fight a good while and then breath.

Og: How ſo ere diſguiſd in baſe or Indian ſhape,
Oger can well diſcerne thee by thy blowes,
For either thou art Orlando or the diuell.
Orl: Then to aſſure you that I am no diuel,
Heres your friend and companion Orlando.
Oger: And none can be more glad than Oger is
That he hath found his Coſen in his ſenſe.
Oli: When as I felt his blowes vpon my ſhield,
My teeth did chatter and my thoughts conceiude,
Who might this be if not the Pallatine.

Turpin: So had I ſaid, but that report did tell,
My Lord was troubled with a lunacie.
Orl: So was I Lordinges: but giue mee leaue a while,
Humbly as Mars did to his Paramour,
So to ſubmit to faire Angelica.
Pardon thy Lord, faire ſaint Angelica,
Whoſe loue ſtealing by ſteps into extreames,
Grew by ſuſpition to a cauſeles lunacie.
Angelica: O no my Lord, but pardon my amis,
For had not Orlando lovde Angelica,
Nere had my Lord falne into theſe extreames,
Which we will parle priuate to our ſelues:
Nere was the Queene of Cypres halfe ſo glad,
As is Angelica to ſee her Lord,
Her deare Orlando ſettled in his ſenſe.
Orlando: Thankes my ſweete loue.
But why ſtands the Prince of Affrica,
And Mandrecarde the King of Mexeco,
So deepe in dumps when all reioyſe beſide:
Firſt know my Lord, I ſlaughtred Sacrepant,
I am the man that did the ſlaue to death,
Who frankely there did make confeſſion,
That he ingravde the Roundelaies on the trees,
And hung the ſchedules of poore Medors loue,
Entending by ſuſpect to breede debate,
Deepely twixt me and faire Angelica:
His hope had hap but we had all the harme,
And now Reuenge leaping from out the ſeate,
Of him that may command ſterne Nemeſis,

Hath

Hath powrde thoſe treaſons iuſtly on his head.
What ſaith my gratious Lord to this?
Marſillus: I ſtand amazde, deepe ouerdrencht
with ioy,
To heare and ſee this vnexpected ende,
So well I reſt content yee Pieres of France,
Sith it is provde Angelica is cleare,
Her and my Crowne I freely will beſtow,
Vpon Orlando the County Palatine.
Orl: Thanks my good Lord, & now my friends
of France,
Frollicke, be merrie, we wil haſten home,
So ſoone as King Marſillus will conſent,
To let his daughter wend with vs to France,
Meane while weele richly rigge vp all our Fleete,
More braue than was that gallant Grecian keele,
That brought away the Colchyan fleece of gold.
Our Sailes of ſendall ſpread into the winde,
Our ropes and tacklings all of fineſt ſilke,
Fetcht from the natiue loomes of laboring wormes,
The pride of Barbarie, and the glorious wealth,
That is tranſported by the Weſterne bounds:
Our ſtems cut out of gleming Iuorie,
Our planks and ſides framde out of Cypreſſe wood,
That beares the name of Cyparilſus change,
To burſt the billows of the Ocean Sea,
Where Phœbus dips his amber-treſſes oft,
And kiſſes Thetis in the daies decline,
That Neptune prowd ſhall call his Trytons forth,
To couer all the Ocean with a calme:

So rich ſhall be the rubbiſh of our barkes,
Tane here for ballas to the ports of France,
That Charles himſelfe ſhall wonder at the ſight.
Thus Lordings when our bankettings be done,
And Orlando eſpowſed to Angelica,
Weele furrow through the mouing Ocean,
And cherely frolicke with great Charlemaine.

FINIS.